



PERSONAL MEMOIRS
CANADIAN MISSIONARY.
S. P. G.
IN A LETTER
ADDRESSED TO HIS CHILDREN.

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PERSONAL MEMOIRS.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:

As you are all born in Canada, and, with the single exception of Eliza, have never seen any thing of the mother country nor become personally acquainted with your English relatives, I have long felt anxious to draw up and present you with a memorial of the family of which you form a part, in order that you may thus preserve a recollection of your British ancestry, which you might otherwise in lapse of time be in danger of losing. I shall add to this such a brief sketch of the leading events of my own somewhat remarkable life, as will doubtless prove interesting to you. But before commencing this task, I desire here to record my devout thanksgiving to Almighty God, that he has so graciously permitted me to see you grow up to your present age, and has so far blessed my endeavours to train you up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

I shall first give you a sketch of the history of our family, from records in my possession, extending back on my father's side to A.D. 1659, and on the side of my mother to A.D. 1737. The earliest of our ancestors, of whom we have any distinct record was Martin Slack of South Kirby in Yorkshire, who was of a family then considered (A.D. 1659) an ancient family, and held a small estate in that parish. His son Thomas, who married Mary Sanderson of Little Houghton, (A.D. 1696) had issue seven sons and three daughters.

Of these the fifth son, Martin, removed to Lisbon, married there Angela Pelican, A.D. 1759, and became the father of a family of three sons and six daughters, one of whom was living there when I was in Lisbon, in the year 1831. Our direct ancestor John Slack, my great grandfather, was the second son of Thomas Slack

and Mary Sanderson, and appears to have removed to London in early life. He married A.D. 1737, Mary Russell Kent, by whom he had issue one son, who survived, and two daughters, both of whom died in infancy. He died and was buried at St. Mary at Hill, in the city of London, A.D. 1765. His only son Thomas, my paternal grandfather, was twice married, first to Mary Ansell, A.D. 1766, by whom he had issue one son and four daughters, all of whom died in infancy except one daughter Sarah, married to Edward Coleman, who held the post of Veterinary Surgeon-general to the Army, and presided over a College for the education of Veterinary Surgeons, at St. Pancras, near London. He had issue four daughters, who all married, viz: Ellen who married a Mr. Barwell, a nephew of Sir Isaac Coffin. Louisa married to Mr. Selby, whose daughter Louisa is the wife of Cousins, the celebrated engraver. Maria married her cousin John Coleman and resides in Cannon Street, City; and Charlotte married to George Brace, Esq., Solicitor of 25 Cavendish Street, London. My grandfather's second wife was Eliza Maria Phipps, by whom he had issue two sons and seven daughters, of these two daughters died in infancy, and one, my aunt Mary, who was married to Mr. Henry Hayne, at that time the British Commissioner for the suppression of the slave trade at Rio Janeiro, died without issue at Spratton in Northamptonshire, England, some years after her marriage. The eldest daughter, Eliza Maria, married (A.D. 1794) Jonathan Wathen Phipps, afterwards Sir Wathen Waller, Bart., and for many years equerry to His Majesty George the Fourth, who was much attached to him and died in his arms. Of their family consisting of four sons and three daughters, only three survive—the eldest son Wathen, who succeeded to the baronetcy on his father's death, is in the diplomatic service, and has been for many years, *chargé d'affaires* at Brussels,—one daughter Georgiana, widow of the late Rev. Mr. Sainsbury, and one Anna, married to John Jarrat, Esq., of Camerton Hall, near Bath. Of the three remaining daughters of my grandfather, my aunt Harriet, widow of the late Rev. Thomas White, Rector of Epperstone, Nottinghamshire, died lately as you all remember. My aunt Louisa, widow of the late William Robinson, Esq., of Weymouth

Street, Portland Place, London, general practitioner of Medicine, and my aunt Charlotte, unmarried, still survive, the latter is unfortunately in a state of mental aberration and totally blind. My aunt Louisa has two daughters unmarried, Louisa and Elizabeth and one Mary married to the Rev. T. G. Smith. Her eldest son William died unmarried; Arthur the youngest died in the East Indies, leaving three children. Of my grandfather's two sons, my uncle Joseph the youngest died unmarried April, 1854.

My own honoured Father, Thomas Cartwright Slack, born A.D. 1779, was the eldest son. He married A.D. 1802, Jane Hester, third daughter of the Revd. Samuel Newell, rector of Adwell in Oxfordshire, a small family living, and also of Ickford in Bucks, at which latter place he resided. The issue by this marriage consisted of five sons, Thomas, Edward, George, Henry, and Frederick, and two daughters Jane and Eliza. Of these I am now the sole survivor, Thomas having died at the age of seventeen, being then a young man of much promise, great sweetness of character and a decided christian. He was buried by his own desire just under the astronomical clock in Exeter Cathedral, A.D. 1819. Edward born 1807, entered the service of the Hon. East India Company, was Quarter Master and Interpreter of the 13th Regt., N.I., died at Madras, Sept. 21, 1840, worn out by his exertions in the duties of a Staff appointment as Inspector of Roads, acting upon a constitution enfeebled by previous ill health. He married, some years before his death, Isabella, the daughter of Col. Cameron, but left no issue; he also was a man of decided christian character. Henry born A.D. 1812, after taking his degree at Queen's College, Cambridge, being designed for a physician, went to Heidelberg in Germany, to spend two years previous to taking his medical degree, and was unfortunately drowned, while bathing in the Rhine at Mannheim, July, 1836. He was a young man of fine talents and of considerable attainments, especially in natural science, having received the gold medal of the Society of Arts for an invention connected with the microscope. Frederick died in infancy. Jane born A.D. 1805, died A.D. 1810, and Elizabeth Maria born A.D. 1809, died A.D. 1817, at Tunbridge Wells. My father lost his life in 1817, during the con-

flagration of the house in which we then resided at Kentish Town near London; believing that his daughter Elizabeth, who had been previously rescued, was still within the burning building, he rushed back and perished in a vain attempt to find her. The circumstance excited much attention at the time, he being greatly beloved and respected in the neighbourhood. As a proof of this I insert here, the inscription, upon a tablet erected to his memory in the Free School, which he had been mainly instrumental in founding, as well as some lines, from an unknown pen, which appeared in the St. James Chronicle, November, 1815:—

TO THE MEMORY

of

THOMAS CARTWRIGHT SLACK, ESQ.,

of this place,

whose truly christian spirit and active piety
endeared him to his relatives and friends,
and rendered him a blessing to his neighbourhood,
and who in the attempt
to rescue his daughter from the flames
amidst the blazing ruins of his dwelling,
exchanged the trials of this transitory existence
for the glories of
an undefiled, unfading and incorruptible
Inheritance.

He died Nov. 24th, 1815, aged 36 years.

A WIDOW INDEED

and six fatherless children
here commemorate their loss—
a loss unpalliated by any consolation,
but that which springs
from the undoubted and immediate happiness
of him, whom they mourn,
and the hope of sharing with him hereafter
those eternal joys,
which, while here, he taught them
to anticipate by
FAITH.

Lines copied from the St. James' Chronicle, November, 1815.

Oh! that another hand than mine
Would strike the trembling string,
Oh! that a sweeter harp would join
Parental love to sing—

Stronger than death, behold it rise
The raging flames defy!
One darling infant lost, he flies
That infant to descry—

Eager the frantic Father searched
Each room, with horror wild
In vain! those eyes no more must view
That lov'd, that darling child—

Hemm'd in by flames, he life resigns
The Husband, Father, Friend!
Pause here, my soul, nor dare to ask
Why virtue finds such end.

Embitter'd, too! the fiery pain,
He thinks his child has shared,
Embitter'd by the woes and tears
Of wife and children spared.

Dreadful the hour and sharp the pang,
Translated Saint! were thine.
But oh! resplendent bright the crown
Thy temples must enshine—

Like great Elijah, rapt on high
To join the heavenly choir,
Oh! may thy mantle fall and raise
A Phoenix from thy fire—

But not in death, the hapless child
Attends its Father's shade,
Exalted parent! see—behold,
It finds effectual aid.

Attracted by her plaintive cries
Thy counter part below—
Intrepid—braving instant death
Has borne her safely through.

Yet tenderest tears of pity fall--
 Dear unknown babe for thee,
 Destined, thro' life, to feel the sting,
 "My Father burned for me"—

Oh! be that Father kept in view,
 His piety revere,
 The same clear, shining path pursue,
 The same bright glory share.

As I was not quite five years of age when I was thus painfully deprived of a father's care and counsel: I have very little personal recollection of him. The above tribute, from an unknown hand, shows him, however, to have been of a character to be justly esteemed by his descendants, and as there are promises in Scripture addressed to the seed of the righteous—so we may trust that the pious wish expressed by the author of the above lines may be fulfilled.

I shall proceed now to give you such an account of my mother's family as the records in my possession enable me to do:—

My great grandfather, on my mother's side, was Thomas Newell, Esq., Solicitor of Henly, on Thames, in the county of Oxford, England, who was twice married.

His first wife's name was Fox, by whom he had only two children—a daughter who died in infancy, and a second daughter Mary, born 1737, who lived nearly to her 100th year, having died in the year 1837. She married James Birch, Esq., a man of a large independent fortune, and of a highly intellectual and cultivated mind. They had five children, four sons and one daughter, of these the eldest and youngest died in early life—the second, now deceased, who attained to the rank of Lieut. Gen'l., assumed the name of Reynardson on succeeding, in right of his wife, who was the niece of the then Lord Brownlow, to the estate of Holywell in Lincolnshire, the third son John William, who is my godfather and most valued friend, is still living at the advanced age of 83. He has recently taken the name of Newell before his own, in consequence of the Newell Estate at Adwell in Oxfordshire, having been left him. The daughter Mary, also deceased, married the Revd. Wm. Canning, Canon of Windsor, and brother of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

My great grandfather Newell married secondly the daughter of Samuel Clark, Esq., of Inner Temple, who had property at Penner, Middlesex. By her he had five children. The second of these, all of whom are now deceased, was named Samuel, and was my maternal grandfather. He was born at Henley on Thames, Nov. 30th, in 1747, was bred to the church and held the family living of Adwellwith Ickford, in Bucks. He married Jane Sarah Barker, daughter of a gentleman of large fortune: after the death of her father, who died when she was young.

This marriage presents one of the episodes, not uncommon in family history, which often have the effect of changing the whole current of events and diverting hereditary wealth into channels little contemplated by the original possessors of it. For Mrs. Barker, being a woman of haughty and ambitious temperament, and having formed different plans for her daughter's settlement in life, strongly opposed her marriage with my grandfather, and when at last she gave her consent, settled upon her only a miserable pittance, and lavished her handsome fortune upon a fresh marriage to please her fancy. Thus it came to pass, that the circumstances of my mother's family were but moderate, though coming of a rich stock. My great grandfather Barker was at one time the possessor of Chiswick House, the well-known seat of the Duke of Devonshire, to whom he sold it.

The issue of my grandfather Samuel Newell with Miss Barker was thirteen children. Of these five died in infancy, four sons and four daughters lived to grow up. The eldest son was in the legal profession, and died at the age of 33. The second child, Meliora Rebecca, was never married, and died a few years since at a good old age; the third, Jane Hester, was my mother. The fourth and fifth children were sons, who died young. The sixth, Anna Maria, married, and is now the widow of the late John Tanner, surgeon of Seaton, Devonshire, having three children, one son and two daughters. The seventh, Thomas George, went to India young, rose to the rank of Colonel in the East India Company's service, and died unmarried in London in 1851 soon after his retirement from the service. The eighth and last child was our dear aunt Eliza, who, by her many acts of kindness and unceasing

interest in our welfare, deserves a place of lasting honour and affection in the hearts of all my children. She is unmarried, and resides upon a very pretty and convenient property in the village of Farnham Royal, near Slough, Bucks. She is now in serious ill-health as well as advanced in years, and may possibly be taken from us, even before these lines issue from the printer's hands. But whether this be the case or not, my children will, I trust, never cease to venerate her memory.

I have already recorded the date of my mother's first marriage with my father, and the issue of that marriage. She was a woman of remarkable decision of character, prudence, sagacity, and a most affectionate and indulgent mother to her children. But finding after some years of widowhood the care and responsibility of bringing up a family of boys, too great for her unaided powers, and desiring to give them the advantage of a male guardian and counsellor, and being herself still young, she was induced to accept an offer of marriage from Capt. Michael Halliday of the Royal Navy. Captain Halliday was the son of Dr. William Halliday, physician to the Emperor of Russia, where his family were born. He himself during the short peace with France served in the Russian navy, in common with Sir Sydney Smith, and other British officers, as well as obtained a fair share of distinction in the service of his own country, being nearly at the head of the post captain's list at the time of his marriage with my mother. He died in 1829, leaving issue two children, a son Michael Frederick, who holds a situation in the Parliament Office of the House of Lords, and is still unmarried; and a daughter, Jane Meliora, married to John Halliday, Esq., an East India merchant residing in the neighbourhood of London. She has at present five children.

After his death my mother continued to manage the affairs of her family with her usual prudence and ability. It pleased God, however, to visit her with severe trials in the deaths successively of her two sons, Edward and Henry. My emigration to Canada in 1836 was also a source of deep regret to her, although she perfectly acquiesced in the prudence of the step. She was taken from me by the hand of death after a very short illness, in September, 1843, very shortly after my ordination and appointment to the mission of Granby.

Having thus brought down the record of our ancestry both on my father's and mother's side, together with such particulars of the collateral branches as I considered might be useful or interesting to you. I come to that part of my narrative which is more personal to myself. I was born in the Parish of St. Mary le Bone in London, on the 4th Dec., 1810, and received for some years my instruction from a family governess until I was, with my elder brother, Edward, placed under the care of the Rev. James Young, then curate and subsequently vicar of Heathfield, a retired agricultural parish in the County of Sussex. I remained under his tuition between four and five years. Mr. Young was still living and I had the pleasure of visiting him when I was last in England, in the summer of 1850. He is since dead. I was removed from Heathfield to the grammar school of Reading, in Berkshire, one of the schools founded by Henry VI. and at that time having a high reputation, in consequence of its being under the mastership of the justly celebrated Dr. Valpy, considered one of the best classical scholars in Europe. With him I became a favorite pupil, and made rapid progress in my classical studies, to the neglect however, I regret to say, of many other equally necessary branches of learning, so that I rose before I was 16 years of age to be the third in the school, which then numbered upwards of 150 scholars. At this time the desire to go to sea, which I had indulged from an early age, became so strong that my mother, who had been for some years married to Captain Halliday, consented to remove me from school, and allow me to enter the Royal Navy. An appointment was first obtained for me to the Gloucester, Captain J. S. Horton, but that ship being ordered suddenly with the expedition to Lisbon, before I was ready to join, I lost the appointment. My uncle Waller then interested himself with the Duke of Clarence, then Lord High Admiral, afterwards William IV. and under his patronage I joined, in the spring of 1827 the Hussar, 46 gun frigate, Captain Edward Boxer, and fitting out to carry the flag of Rear Admiral Sir Charles Ogle, appointed to the command of the North American squadron. I served in her from 1827 to 1830, when she returned to England to be paid off, and I was immediately appointed to the Raleigh,

sloop of war, ordered to fit out at Woolwich, under the command of commander A. M. Hawkins, for the Mediterranean station. I served in her nearly two years, visiting in her, most of the remarkable places on that interesting station. I was discharged from the *Raleigh* at Malta, September, 1832, and returned to England as passenger in a transport. Upon my arrival at Portsmouth, I learned that officers and men were being engaged for an expedition, which was fitting out under the direction of Don Pedro, ex-Emperor of the Brazils, in order to place his daughter Donna Maria de Gloria upon the throne, which had been unjustly usurped by her uncle Don Miguel, who had been appointed regent during his neice's minority, but had encouraged an insurrection in his own favour and caused himself to be proclaimed king. Entering, with the ardor natural to a young man, into the prospect of obtaining, in this way, the professional distinction, which appeared to be denied me in the service of my own country. I offered myself to Lieut. P. Rosenberg, the officer in charge of the depot, and was by him referred to Captain F. G. McDonough, a lieutenant in the British navy, who was recruiting in London. I was at once accepted, and before my return home, was fairly enrolled in the service of H. M. F. Majesty Donna Maria 2nd, with the rank of mate and a promise of speedy promotion. After some delays we embarked at Liverpool in a steamer to join the ship to which I was appointed, the *Donna Maria*, a frigate of 44 guns, which had proceeded to the island of Belle Isle, on the west coast of France to fit out. In that ship I assisted in the blockade of Madeira and afterwards proceeded to St. Michael's, one of the Azores where the expeditionary force, consisting of three frigates, a corvette and a brig, with sixty sail of transports had assembled. The land forces amounted to about 7,500 men of all nations, comprising, English, Scotch, Irish, French, and Belgian brigades, besides the Portuguese troops. These were embarked in the transports early in July, 1832, and sailed from St. Michael's, being favored with remarkably fine weather in their passage across and effecting the disembarkation of the troops on the 9th a few miles to the north of Oporto. Our force, amounting in all to about 7,500 men, under the Conde de Villa Flor and accompanied by the ex-Emperor of

the Brazils, Don Pedro, in person, advanced immediately upon the City of Oporto, which they entered without any serious opposition; the Miguelite troops, who were vastly superior in numbers, evacuating the city and crossing the Douro to the south side. There can be little doubt that the war would have been speedily finished, and the contest decided in favor of the Queen, had the constitutional army pushed on south, in the direction of Lisbon, with as little delay as possible. Instead of this the leaders, with that vacillation of which the Duke of Wellington used to complain on the part of our Spanish allies during the Peninsular war, amused themselves with issuing proclamations, and playing at government, until the enemy, recovering from their first alarm, returned and closely invested Oporto with a force of 70,000 men. I need not record all the details of that protracted siege of twenty-two months. It is sufficient to state, as an eyewitness, that the endurance and heroism of the garrison, and the unfortunate inhabitants was conspicuous. Exposed to frequent heavy bombardments from the enemies' batteries, during which, shot, shell, and rocket made horrible devastations, sparing neither age nor sex, and for a considerable portion of the time suffering from a scarcity of provisions; they nevertheless repulsed several determined assaults upon their weak and extended fortifications (in one of which, the enemy actually penetrated into the city, and were only driven out again by the extraordinary courage and determination of the English and French brigades, who fought side by side with a generous and noble emulation), and at length they compelled the besieging force to break up the siege and retire upon Lisbon. During a considerable part of the above siege, I was engaged on shore, having been sent with a detachment of sailors in order to garrison the Foy Castle, and being prevented for some months from joining my ship.

I shared in some hazardous service during that time, particularly one attack by a combined force of the troops and sailors upon some mortar batteries upon the south side of the Douro, on which occasion having performed the service of destroying the battery and retreated to the boats safely in presence of 1700 regular troops of the enemy, I had the honor of a special notice of my conduct

by the Captains of two British men-of-war lying in the Douro, who sent to offer me any recommendation I might need for advancement in our own service.

I have here somewhat anticipated my narrative, in having omitted any mention of two actions in which our naval squadron was engaged with that of the enemy previously to my disembarkation, and taking part in the defence of Oporto. I return therefore to the point in my narrative when we had disembarked the troops upon the coast. Leaving Don Pedro with his troops in possession of Oporto, the constitutional squadron, consisting of the *Raihna* and *Donna Maria* frigates, *Villa Flor* brig, and *Eugenie* schooner, ran down the coast to Lisbon. With this small squadron we commenced a blockade of the Tagus, making many prizes of homeward-bound vessels, principally from the Brazils, and one or two more richly laden from the Portuguese possessions in the East Indies. We could see the Miguelite squadron, of much superior force, consisting of one 74, one large frigate, three first-class corvettes, and three brigs, lying in the Tagus. On the 3rd of August this squadron put to sea. We exchanged a few shots with them that night, but it was not until the night of the 10th that any serious action took place. On that night the *Raihna* and *Donna Maria* attacked the enemy and sustained the fire of the 74 and frigate for nearly two hours, when both squadrons drew off to repair damages. We had our rigging and spars cut up a good deal, and in my ship, the *Donna Maria*, lost 1 killed and 6 wounded. I was slightly wounded by a splinter in the middle of the action, but was mercifully preserved from any serious injury.

After this brush the enemy returned to their anchorage in the Tagus, and did not venture to shew themselves outside until the middle of September, when they again put to sea and were closely watched by our diminished squadron, now consisting of the two frigates, who kept them in sight for fourteen days, during which the hammocks were never piped down, the officers and men sleeping at their quarters. They at length got into Vigo Bay, where they anchored high up the bay, near the town. Our squadron, having been collected off Oporto and reinforced by some vessels out of the Douro, anchored at the entrance of the bay, under the

shelter of some uninhabited islands. It consisted, at that time, of nine vessels, mounting 198 guns and carrying 1140 men. The force of the enemy was very superior, both in weight of metal and in men.

The two rival squadrons continued thus anchored in sight of each other from the 4th to the 10th of October. Early in the morning of the latter day the enemy were observed to be getting under weigh, and shortly after stood out of the bay, passing out of gunshot of the Constitutional squadron. It was not until 11 P. M., the wind being very light, that the latter, which had weighed immediately, had cleared the land and formed their line. The action commenced by an attack on the part of the Constitutionalists at 1:30 A. M. on the 11th, and continued to rage—the ships being seldom more than pistol-shot distance asunder—for four hours, when the enemy drew off in great confusion to repair damages, and we were too much crippled to follow.

In my ship, the *Donna Maria*, we found that we had received 87 shot in the hull, and, although no masts were shot away, our rigging and sails were torn to pieces. Our loss consisted of 10 men, including one midshipman killed and 30 badly wounded. This action produced no decisive results. It was followed shortly afterwards by the disembarkation of the body of seamen from the ships to garrison the Foy Castle, of which I have already spoken.

It was not until the following spring that I rejoined my ship and assisted in the embarkation, on board of seven English steamers hired for the purpose, of a body of troops amounting to upwards of 3500 men, intended to make a diversion by landing upon the coast to the south of Lisbon and taking that city in the rear. This was accordingly accomplished with much labour and some loss from the fire of the enemies' batteries, the whole of the troops being necessarily embarked in the course of several successive nights. The landing of the troops was safely effected to the east of Lagos bay, near the mouth of the Guadiana, which forms there the boundary between Spain and Portugal. The squadron then followed up the coast and anchored in Lagos Bay. Upon the morning of the 2nd July, being officer of the morning watch, and examining the horizon at daylight with a good glass, I disco-

vered the enemy's squadron in the offing, consisting of nine ships, two being ships of the line, two heavy frigates, and five large corvettes. Awakening the Captain with this intelligence, the squadron was soon under weigh and standing out of the bay. Our force consisted of five vessels, only three being frigates, one corvette, and one brig. We had with us also four or five of the steamers which had been engaged in conveying the troops. It was not until the 5th that a favorable opportunity offered for bringing them to action, which our commander, Captain Charles Napier, of the British Navy, holding the rank of Admiral in the Portuguese service, was determined to do. This officer had recently superseded Admiral Sartorius in the command of the liberating squadron. He was then a distinguished officer, and has since that time achieved a world-wide reputation in the service of his own country at Acre and in command of the Baltic fleet during the Russian war. The morning of the 5th July found both squadrons becalmed just out of gunshot of each other. A proposal to the steamers in company to tow the ships of war down was positively declined by the engineers and crews of those vessels. The officers and men of the squadron, in their anxiety to embrace the long-desired opportunity of annihilating the navy of the enemy at a blow, offered two day's pay and an equal share of prize-money to the crews of the steamers to induce them to assent. Whilst negotiations were carrying on with them, however, a brisk breeze sprang up, giving our squadron the weather gage. With the characteristic *sang froid* of British sailors the signal was made from the Admiral to "pipe to dinner," whilst at the same time a telegraphic signal assigned to each ship her post in the impending conflict. The *Donna Maria* was instructed to attack the *Duquessa da Braganza*, a large 54-gun frigate, whilst the *Don Pedro* and the flag-ship *Raihna* were to be laid alongside the two line-of-battle ships. The enemy were formed in two lines upon the starboard tack, having the four heavy ships in the weather line. The action commenced about 3 P. M., by our ships first standing well ahead of the enemy, and then, having first shortened sail to topsails and topgallant sails, bearing round up before the wind, each ship steering straight for its designated opponent. In executing this

manœuvre our ships became necessarily exposed to a furious fire from all those ships of the enemy whose guns would bear, which, however, took effect principally on the sails and rigging. Our men were directed to lie down at their quarters to avoid unnecessary loss, until we were in a position to return their fire. Without, however, attempting to give a lengthened description of this very dashing and brilliant action, it will be sufficient to say that, after laying our opponent alongside to leeward, having first discharged our starboard broadside into her cabin windows at pistol shot and engaging her for about fifteen minutes at very close quarters, we ran our jib-boom into her mizzen rigging and carried her by boarding. The slaughter on board the enemy's frigate, crowded as she was with men, was frightful. We lost our sailing master and 14 men killed and about 25 or 30 seriously and slightly wounded. On this occasion, although commanding the foremost quarters on the main deck which were most exposed to the enemy's fire and engaged in the thick of the *melée* in boarding, I was again mercifully preserved by a gracious Providence, and escaped with a slight sword-cut on the left hand. This action was fought upon the same ground, off Cape St. Vincent, upon which Sir John Jervis defeated the combined French and Spanish fleets, and, strange to say, our total loss in killed and wounded in our five small ships exceeded that of the British squadron of fifteen or sixteen sail of the line. Very shortly after this action our detached force obtained possession of Lisbon. Notwithstanding this a desultory guerilla warfare was maintained through the province of Alemtejo and the Algarves. Having been placed in command of a small garrison in Sines, a town on the coast, I saw a good deal of this guerilla warfare and was engaged in a number of affairs with the enemy of greater or less importance. I have here to record my thankfulness to Almighty Providence in protecting me through all these, and particularly on one occasion, when I was engaged in single combat for some time with a powerful guerilla chief, whom I was enabled at length to disarm and make prisoner.

On my return to Lisbon, after being for some months engaged in the service, I remained doing duty on board the *Donna Maria* for a short time, and was despatched by Admiral Napier in com-

mand of a gunboat, to act upon the flank of our army about 20 miles up the Tagus, near the fortified town of Santarem, which was in possession of the enemy. On my return to the *Donna Maria* upon the conclusion of this service, the option was given to our officers to receive their discharge—a privilege of which nearly all gladly availed themselves—the service not offering any inducement to remain, there being evidently too many native Portuguese candidates for employment to render the position of the British officers very encouraging or agreeable. In company with two other naval officers I then took passage in a small schooner loaded with oranges, and, after a quick passage, landed safely at Dover.

I did not remain long unemployed, for, having received an offer of a commission in the service of the young queen of Spain, I again embarked in the cause of constitutional liberty against despotism, and joined the *Isabella* schooner, then fitting up at Woolwich, as first lieutenant. In her I sailed to the north coast of Spain, and was occupied during the winter months principally in watching the harbor of Bilboa and preventing the importation of arms, by coasters from Bayonne, for the use of the Carlist army. I was at Bilboa when the famous chief Zumalacarreguy was killed in a skirmish near that town.

But we soon found our position made very uncomfortable by the jealousy and intrigues of the Spanish officers, who were annoyed at our keeping the sea in a schooner of 90 tons, whilst they, with much larger vessels, were skulking in port and taking their ease, caring little, seemingly, whether Queen or Carlist gained the ascendancy. After six month's service we were ordered round to Ferrol, and directed to give up the schooner to the commandant of that port. After being detained there a few weeks we were provided with a passage in a small brig called the *John of Padstow*, and once more landed in England.

This was my last essay in foreign service. I made one more voyage to Spain as an amateur, to pilot the *City of Edinburgh* steamer in'to Ferrol, and returned immediately in the *Royal Tar* from Santander. After this I remained in England unemployed for about a year, during which time I cultivated a taste for oil-

painting, and made some progress in the art. Having contracted an engagement, after my first return from Portugal, with Miss Emma Colston, who resided with her great-aunt, Miss Howorth, a maiden lady of very advanced age, at Banstead, in the County of Surrey,—and being desirous of placing myself in a position which would enable me to marry, being then nearly thirty years of age,—I had my attention at this time drawn to Canada, as a country offering inducements to emigrants of moderate means. In the early spring of 1836 I sailed in the *Andromeda* for New York, and arrived in Montreal on the 28th June. After remaining there a few days I proceeded to the Townships, in company with Messrs. Moffatt and Gillespie, the former of whom was Commissioner of the British American Land Company. We reached Sherbrooke on the 4th July, and, after looking round for two or three days, I purchased a farm of 200 acres in the Township of Eaton. This proved a very injudicious selection, being too far removed from the more improved parts of the country, especially as I might have had, at that time, my choice of almost any locality. But in this, as in many events of my life, my own erring judgment was wonderfully overruled for good by my Heavenly Father, who, by His Providence, was leading me, by a way which I knew not, but which eventually issued in my embracing the sacred profession of the ministry.

I remained in Canada, employed upon my farm and repairing and fitting up the house, during the winter of 1836 and 1837 and the succeeding summer. In the autumn of 1837 I determined to revisit England, and accordingly sailed in the New York packet ship *Ontario* on the 1st December, and once more landed on my native shores. I spent that winter in England, and returned to Canada in the following spring. Miss Colston's aunt having died in the course of the summer, at the advanced age of 93, every obstacle to our union was removed. Returning, therefore, to England in the autumn of 1838, I was married on the 15th of January, 1839, after an engagement of five years, to my ever dear wife—the mother of the three eldest of your number—with whom the inscrutable decrees of an all-wise Providence permitted me to enjoy only four years of uninterrupted happiness, and then

took to Himself the treasure which he had for a while permitted me to possess. I sailed again on Easter Monday of the same year from London, in the *Chippewa*, Captain Miller, to Quebec, with my wife, and in company with my friend Lloyd, a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, with his wife and family. Mr. Lloyd had come to Canada with me on the last occasion, and purchased a farm near Sherbrooke.

As this was my last passage across the Atlantic until my visit to England in 1850, I may here mention, as a somewhat singular circumstance, that every ship in which I crossed the Atlantic to or from Canada, except the *Ontario*, New York packet, was entirely lost on the next voyage, having either foundered at sea or been wrecked on the St. Lawrence.

From the period of the commencement of my married life in 1839, until the autumn of 1842, I have nothing to record of any particular interest. The quiet routine of a country life in Canada cannot be expected to present anything worthy of being recorded in a narrative like this. The three eldest of your number, viz: Eliza, Edward, and Henry, were born during this period, at Woodcote Place, in the Township of Eaton, being the name which I gave to my farm, in memory of the name of my mother's residence at Epsom, in the County of Surrey, England. The autumn of 1842 was a memorable epoch in my life, as my determination to enter into the ministry of the church was then made, although I was not ordained till the month of May, 1843. I should here mention that Providence had been gradually preparing the way for this step in the following manner. During the first winter of my sojourn in Eaton, as a solitary bachelor, the Right Rev. G. J. Mountain, Bishop of Quebec, who was then administering the Diocese of Montreal, being on his triennial confirmation tour, became my guest, our families having been acquainted in the old country. I drove him, upon this occasion, to visit the newly arrived emigrants in the settlement of the B. A. Land Company at Bury. Finding a large body of emigrants without any provision for religious ministrations amongst them, the bishop proposed to the Rev. J. Taylor, the minister of the Church of Cookshire, in Eaton, that he should visit them one Sunday in each month. Not

wishing to leave the church at Cookshire unsupplied upon these occasions, the bishop inquired whether I would be willing to conduct the public service on these Sundays, and read a printed sermon. I willingly consented to do so, on condition of being duly authorized. The bishop therefore gave me a licence to act as lay-reader, and I entered upon the discharge of my duties. Mr. Taylor falling into such ill-health as to be unable to leave his house during the winter, the whole duty in this manner gradually devolved upon me; so that during the last three years of my residence at Eaton, I not only conducted the public service in the church twice every Sunday in the winter, and frequently in the summer, but at the last confirmation held in that time, the candidates were prepared by me, and were confirmed upon my tickets, although a lay-man. Thus, although I was not ordained until 1843, I may count several years besides as spent in the service of the Church. About this time, I was spending the evening with my friend Lloyd, when he drew my attention to a statement of the Bishop of Quebec, in a printed letter, in which he stated that he could open several new missions, but could not find the men to occupy them—and then added, addressing me—"Why should not you occupy one of these missions? You have nothing to hinder you." This remark made a deep impression upon my mind, and I had much serious conversation with my wife upon the subject. Whilst we were pondering these things I received a letter from the bishop, inquiring whether I would be willing to present myself as a candidate for orders. The fact, however, that my entering the ministry would involve the necessity of a permanent residence in Canada, which we did not then contemplate, and consideration for the feelings of my dear mother, who always looked forward to my return, seemed to my wife and myself to present such insurmountable obstacles, that I felt reluctantly compelled to return a negative to the bishop's proposal. Still my mind was not at ease, fearing that I was disregarding a plain call of duty, and we eventually came to the conclusion that, when the Bishop visited us in the beginning of winter, I should place myself in his hands. This I did, and the result was that I was directed to prepare for ordination on the next Trinity Sunday, which fell in May, 1843. I

immediately let my farm to a man of the name of Penny, who had come with me from England, and who was a working farmer, and spent the winter in study, to prepare for examination in the spring. The bishop kindly gave me the choice of three missions, viz: Port Neuf, Clarendon and Granby. With the two former I was totally unacquainted, and the latter I had only seen once or twice for a few hours. My choice, however, fell upon Granby, which was then a new mission, never having enjoyed any stated services of the church.

In the spring of the year, in the month of April, 1843, I broke up my establishment at Eaton, and sold off my farm, stock and moveables. My ordination took place on Trinity Sunday, at Quebec, and on the following Sunday, I officiated for the first time in my new sphere of labour, I removed my family there in the course of the following week, engaging our board at Mr. John Weatherbe's, in the village, as there was no parsonage house, and only the frame of a church, which was not even covered in. I entered upon my duties with feelings of thankfulness to God, that he had so graciously honoured me by permitting me to engage in the ministry of His word, and to all human appearance, many years of happiness were in store for me. But the Almighty disposer of events was even then preparing for me a trial more severe than any that had hitherto fallen to my lot.

On the 29th of August, having left home in the morning to attend a funeral about five miles from Granby, I was summoned about noon by a messenger with the intelligence that my wife was taken very ill with a spasmodic attack. I returned home instantly, and although no efficient medical aid was at hand, yet everything was done for her that experience could suggest. All was, however, in vain, and after passing a quiet night, for the most part in a state of stupor, she gently breathed her last at six o'clock on the morning of the 30th August. Every kindness was shown to me in my affliction by my new neighbors, a large number of whom attended the interment, which took place temporarily within the foundation of the new church, the body being removed in the following spring to the new burying-ground belonging to the Church, where it now lies, the first-fruits of seed sown in the hope

of a joyful resurrection to eternal life. Not very long after my dear wife's death I received intelligence of the death of my dear mother, which had taken place within seven days of the same time. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided."

I purchased shortly after this a small property, consisting of three acres of land, upon which a house was commenced, opposite the Church. As this could not be finished until another season, I rented a small house in the village, where we lived until November, 1854, when we entered upon the occupation of the new house. In the following January I was married to Isabella Ann Johnson, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Thomas Johnson, the minister of the Church of England in the adjoining mission of Abbotsford, and one of the oldest missionaries in the country. She became the mother of the four youngest of your number, and the ever careful and affectionate maternal parent of all alike.

In the spring of 1850, the mission of Granby was divided from that of Milton, and the S. P. G. having purchased a glebe and parsonage house in the latter place, we removed there, where we have resided ever since. In that year I paid a visit to England, after eleven years absence, and had the happiness of renewing my acquaintance with many dear relatives and friends, who have been since called to their rest.

And now, my dear children, I conclude this narrative, as I commenced it, with an earnest ascription of praise and thanksgiving to God, who has so mercifully guided and guarded me all my journey through—and into whose hands I desire cheerfully to commit myself and all my concerns for the time to come,—

Remaining always,

Your affectionate father,

GEORGE SLACK.